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THE

Poets Address

To His Most Sacred

MAJESTY.

THough Scribbling Factions are so Saucy grown,
To dart *Curst Labels* at Your Sacred Throne:
To strive to *Præ-depose* Your Royall Heirs,
And seek Your Life who frankly gave them theirs.
Yet Mighty SIR, the Poets are your own,
Their Lives and Pens, (for Fortunes they have none)
Reason and Wit are faithful to their Prince,
Nay, he that Writes against You can't write Sense:
The Sacred Nine Elected you supreme,
And swore Allegiance to Your Diadem;
And all the jobbers of the Rhyming Crew
Are Rebels ev'n to them, whoso to You.

Th' Old Loyal Blood when Your kind Beams withdrew,
Vnmurmuring slept till they return'd anew:
Then (like the Lust of Plants) its Atoms throng
To deck th' Old Branches, and to shoot forth Young.
Westminster was an Autumn to our Lays,
But th' Oxford nipping Spring had kill'd our Bays,
Had not Your Mercy and Dissolving Skill
Stopt both their doing, and our suffering ill:
Had we th' Hesperean Fruit, You should not pull
Wee'd freely drop You a whole Chequer full,
(But Equal Heaven has giv'n it to the dull)
Wit by Chamelian Nourishment conceives,
And was decreed only to put forth leaves.

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Hail

Bought, J. S. Johnston, Jr.
26th April 1828

(2)

Hail Sacred SIR, although we have no Banks,
Yet we can pay (what none cane give you) Thanks;
Thanks for the Numerous Blessings which you shed
Like the imperial Sun, on every head;
Thanks for the Actions, Deluge You put by,
And Thanks for the Humble stop, to tell us Why:
But Thanks above all thinking for Your Care
To stop that TAP, that would have drown'd Your Heir.

Illustrious JAMES thou could'st not bear such things,
We 't thou not Son and Brother to such Kings:
How could we think from Justice thou should'st fly
A Land, which does it to their King deny.

The Sheriffs of late such *Nativists* are grown,
They'l turn no streams back to the Fountain thrown:
And those Grand Jers that *Ignoramus* bring
For *Barabbas* wou'd Crucifie their King.

The Polish Prince is Charm'd, he scorns weak Buff,
Consciences of impenetrable Stuff }
Arms the small Patriat, Plot and Witness proof;
'Tis such a K not as wants the Gordian Knife,
For some Conspire his Death, and some his Life:
And Nineteen Unbelievers Damer to Save
That Head that ne're was destin'd to a Grave.

Once more hail Sacred MONARCH, my kind Stars
Prosper your Pea. e, and Guard you in Your Wars;
Let God Arise (who Your Avenger is)
And scatter both Your Enemies and His.
May Heaven Attend Your Councils, and Dispose
Success to all that's Yours, except Your Foes:
Long may You Rue this Island with Your Nod,
And let the Stubborn feel Your Angry Rod :
Exceed Your Father, and be like Your God.

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? q. Scellie